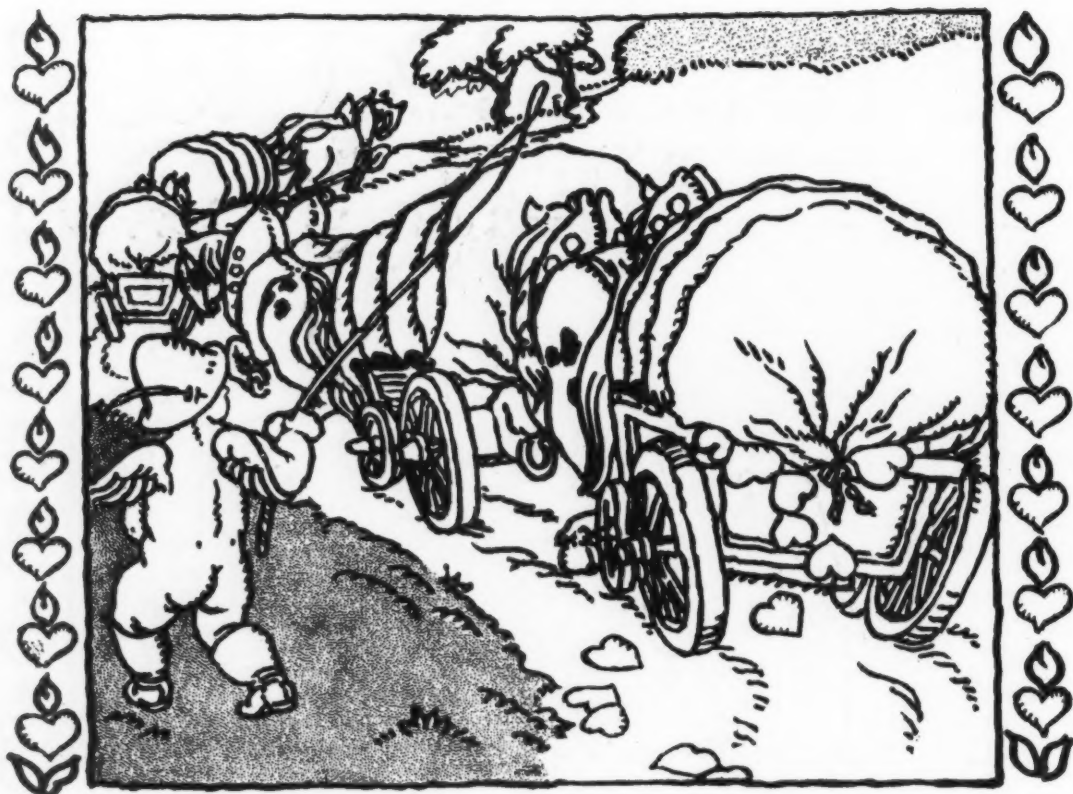


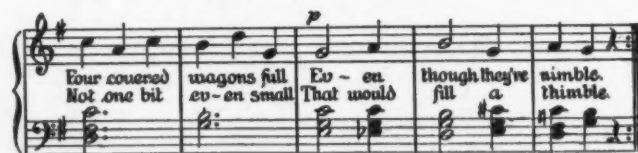
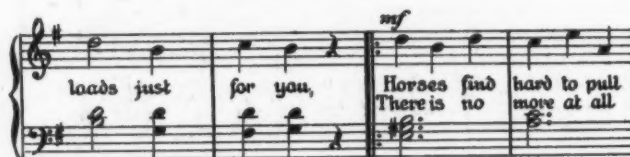
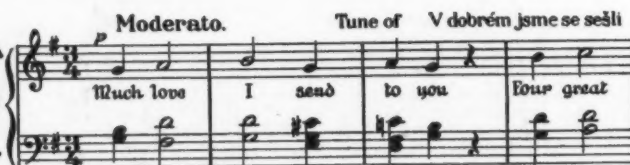
*American*  
**JUNIOR RED CROSS**  
*February 1928* **NEWS** *"I Serve"*



A.M. UPJOHN



# **D**ílylo lásky, ~ Much Love.....



Reprinted by permission of the publisher, R. D. Szalatnay, 542 E. 79th St., N. Y. C., from "Folk Songs of Bohemia," words and music arranged by Dorothy Cooper; illustrations in color by M. Fischerová-Kvěchová.

# The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

## The February News in the School

### Indian Schoolmates

ONE of the Junior delegates to our national convention reported to her home school that the Indian delegate impressed all with the fact that our Indians have been "so thoroughly Americanized"! Interesting features about the Indian schools, in this exceedingly American number of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, give a chance to remind pupils that their Indian schoolmates are not "foreigners." Have they noticed that National Headquarters never speaks of "Indian Schools"? Neither does National Headquarters speak of "adopting" Indian schools, but uses the word "Partnership." There's a point of view back of this carefulness of expression and that point of view is justified by the attitude of our splendid Indian school Juniors. The "Letters from Some Indian Schools" and "What Some Indian Juniors Are Doing" show their spirit.

It must be remembered always, though, that Indian schools are for the most part isolated and that Indian school Juniors have few outside contacts. The result is that they have comparatively few chances to earn money for themselves or for service. The National Children's Fund has been drawn upon to furnish them materials with which to learn and practice the habit of sharing with others. Many of the schools that have Partners have also found pleasure in sharing materials with which gifts may be made by Indian schoolmates. Some of the things especially welcome are: bright colored yarn, pretty remnants and pieces of cloth; beads; crayolas; water colors; poster and construction paper; puzzles such as cut-up maps, animals, sentences; stories; language games and devices for learning and speaking English; patterns and models for cut-out toys; health games and songs; pictures of babies, birds, and animals; old *National Geographic* magazines. If your class would enjoy preparing and sending any of these gifts, write your National or Branch Headquarters and arrangements will be made.

The beads, yarn, crayolas, water colors, and construction paper are all useful in the Junior Red Cross projects encouraging native art. Indian Juniors who preserve or revive native arts, and the other American Juniors who help them, are performing a national service of worth. The narrative, "We Visit a Famous Potter," surely makes one phase of that art interesting to us all! Marguerite de Gripenberg, when she was "Peggy" Moseley-Williams, was the Junior Red Cross worker among Indian schools and writes from experience.

The health materials and the language materials will help prepare Indian pupils, just as they help prepare your own pupils, for the practical needs of life. No child is equipped to make his way if he is handicapped in health or if he is handicapped in his use of the language that must be our medium of communication. Indian school pupils start school with a greater handicap in both health and language than is the case with most other pupils.

### The Chilocco Health Play

PERHAPS your class would enjoy producing the prize-winning health play in last year's Indian School contests. The teacher, Miss Vivian Hogg, described the manner in which it was written by the girls of the Seventh grade at the Chilocco Indian School, as follows:

"First we outlined the plot, decided upon our characters and their names and the setting. In doing this, we took the suggestions of any who wished to contribute and voted on the ones we considered best. Next I told them to suggest a good opening. Here they stopped and seemed to lack inspiration. I suggested that the boy be grinding corn, and they informed me that the women do that! From there on, their response was remarkable. They suggested lines almost as fast as I could write them. I wrote on the blackboard and had girls copying. It took a great deal of time, rejecting the undesirable and getting the desirable, for as we worked I made use of the opportunity to give some English instruction. Each member of the class feels a personal interest in the play. It was one of the most profitable pieces of work we did this year. They lost sight of the prize completely in their interest in it."

The Chilocco school paper says: "The play is typical of many Indian homes." A mimeographed copy will be sent you free on request.

### American History Made Vivid

FOR Lincoln's birthday, "Old Abe, the War Eagle," will make entertaining reading and telling. For Washington's birthday there is an unusual and interesting play based on a historical record. Even more unusual will be any little girl who fails to envy the girl-hero of the play or any little boy who fails to admire her.

### A Pioneer Novel

THE play with the girl-hero suggests Gertrude Crownfield's latest book, "Alison Blair," published by Dutton, 1927. This pre-Revolutionary story, written in the tradition of Cooper, is a pioneer yarn in which a brave girl plays the leading part. It is not a girl's book only, however, for the events are full of thrill, and there is a brave boy and there are brave Indians, too. There are several necessary villains to keep interest awake; and the whole narrative is worked out with a skill to appeal to readers of both sexes, especially at an age when one loves the flourish of "whilst" and "methinks" and "mayhap." The history is authentic.

Parenthetically, it should be remarked that Gertrude Crownfield's first book, "The Little Tailor of the Wind-ing Way," Macmillan, is one of the prettiest allegories of the joy of a life of serviceableness that one can find.



# Developing Calendar Activities for February

## "From Real Life"

IN a recent one of her always interesting reports, Miss Hendricks, the Junior Red Cross Representative in Indian Schools, says: "I have been particularly anxious to get the reaction of the Maricopa Day School to the picture on the February page of the CALENDAR. Before I had opportunity to mention it, the Principal, Mr. Linderman, interrupted my talk to the children to show me the picture 'we are all so proud of.' He added, 'See, that really is our woodbox over there, and the same stove.' Then he pointed out one of the boys in the picture and told me who he was. This one picture has been a great aid in putting over the fact that the pictures in the CALENDAR are taken from real life and are absolutely reliable for school material."

She goes on to describe the room where this painting was made:

"Many Maricopa designs decorated the room, some having been adapted to paper plates. Pictures of bird life, health posters, and health books also served for classroom decorations. Shelves in one corner were arranged with groceries to be used in practical buying and selling arithmetic lessons. Outside I found many evidences of good citizenship: the grounds were well cared for; a portion of land adjoining the school had been cleared of mesquite and other desert growth; and a lovely garden from which were to come the vegetables for the children's lunch showed recent signs of cultivation and irrigation, which I was told was done by the children. . . . Mrs. Linderman, who is housekeeper, is in charge of developing the poster and art work. In the Industrial class the girls have made a quilt which they would like to donate to the Junior Red Cross."

So here we have one of Miss Upjohn's pictures come to life! This incident is as interesting as one that was told in connection with an exhibition, in one of our big cities, of her paintings of child life of other lands. Teachers attending the exhibition were sure that they recognized one of the pictures as the portrait of a lad in their school. Inquiry revealed that he had immigrated to the United States rather recently and that he had indeed been the model for her picture. "How surprised he would be," we read in *Todor's Best Clothes*, "to find himself in an American book."

## "Creative Writing Among School Students"

IN finding out about creative writing among school students one thinks again of Hughes Mearns' *Creative Youth*; of the recent anthology of student verse, *Singing Youth*, collected by Mabel Mountsier and published by Harpers; of the two volumes published some time ago by Paul Nickerson from contributions to the *Gleam*; of the contests for high school students held each year by the *Scholastic*, Pittsburgh.

The *Gleam*, a poetry magazine made up largely of student contributions, has an occasional section given to the poetry of elementary school pupils. It is edited by Alice Sleeper, Simmons College, Boston, Massachusetts.

## Washington and Lincoln

HAVE your pupils seen "The Chronicles of America Photoplays" distributed to schools and community centers for educational uses, by the Yale University Press Film Service? There are now fifteen of these. The dramatic periods or heroes pictured are *Columbus*, *Jamestown*, *The Pilgrims*, *The Puritans*, *Peter Stuyvesant*, *The Gateway to the West*, *Wolfe and Montcalm*, *The Eve of the Revolution*, *The Declaration of Independence*, *Yorktown*, *Vincennes*, *Daniel Boone*, *The Frontier Woman*, *Alexander Hamilton*, and *Dixie*.

*The Gateway to the West* is about Washington in his youth; *Yorktown* shows him as general, during the critical days of the Revolution; and *Alexander Hamilton* shows him as the first President. The published comment of a veteran teacher and principal, Mrs. Josephine E. Goss, of the Sigsbee School, Grand Rapids, Michigan, emphasizes the value of these films:

"It's fine to have the opportunity to live with the fine and the great of four hundred years and more. Last year 'The Declaration of Independence' was a serious affair to the children. This year it was 'O Boy! Isn't it exciting!' I shall not be surprised if next year each member of the convention will be known, named, and cheered as he rises. Franklin was said to have smiled more this year than last. . . . What those small people televisioned to us after the pictures, in their drawings, is interesting and instructive to the teachers and me. . . . Does it frighten you a little when you see what a clear picture a movie can put in a child's mind?"

You may secure a sixty-four page descriptive booklet illustrated with scenes from the photoplays and may find out about how to secure the films by writing to the Yale University Press Film Service, 522 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

A description of a historical portfolio prepared by the children of Grasslands Sanatorium was printed in the *New Rochelle Junior Banner*, December, 1927.

"You know, Grasslands children are in the Chatsworth Avenue School, Larchmont, only a few weeks at a time, and yet they finished and sent to a school in Austria the cleverest portfolio letter we have seen for a long time. It is called 'America As It Was One Hundred Years Ago and As It Is Today.' They have pasted in pictures of an old kitchen fireplace full of cranes and kettles and next to it a modern kitchen with a gas stove and enamel sink,—an old horse and buggy and a modern automobile, an old New England farmhouse and a modern city house, an old-fashioned dress and a modern one. Such an appropriate letter to send to children who are probably as curious about how we eat and dress and sleep as we are about them!"

## It's a Mortifying Mistake

IF YOU received one of the posters sent out before the printing company had made its correction, we suggest that you correlate Junior Red Cross with spelling by having your worst offenders in that subject paint out the awful apostrophe in "it's!" We know from experience what a persistent demon that word is, but that it should sneak into a Junior Red Cross poster was indeed a blow. As soon as the criminal apostrophe was discovered the printers set about painting it out of the stock still on hand; and where they were able to, they supplied suitable material for the Red Cross chapters to correct the flaw before sending the poster to schools. May we never have to suggest this type of correlation again! Our comfort is that wise teachers never let beauty of conception and expression go unappreciated because of a flaw in form. This year's poster, it should be added, is another example of reality; for the artist visited a school and selected his own Juniors to pose for the picture, even securing a real international correspondence portfolio as a model, in order that artistic expression of the spirit of the Junior Red Cross might be enhanced by technical accuracy.

## Wide-Awake Teachers Will Notice—

The section on the opposite page entitled "Saying Thank You Nicely."

# The Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

## "A Spirit of Comradeship That Never Before Existed"

SINCE the last national convention, to which Junior delegates brought so much new interest, we have heard more about the activities of Junior representatives at county Chapter meetings. An unusually encouraging report was recently sent in by Miss Hance, the Assistant National Director of Junior Red Cross for the Pacific Branch:

"One of the most important features of the meeting of the Pinal County Chapter, Arizona, was the attendance of the Junior Red Cross officers: Emily Knight, president; James Weinkauff, secretary; and Alburn Jeffers, treasurer. They told of the work they are doing and of future plans and offered their services to the chapter.

"Mrs. Mary Nolan, chairman of the local Junior division, is giving the children excellent training along the lines of the Junior motto, 'I Serve.'

"Mrs. Margaret T. Randall, county school superintendent, is acting as county chairman of the Junior Red Cross and has introduced the work in 30 schools. She reported that 50 per cent are organized and are doing splendid work, which is creating a spirit of comradeship among the children that never before existed.

"The pupils of one rural school have chosen for their service the care of an orphaned baby and they are furnishing food and clothing for the child."

A descriptive note by Miss Hance makes the report vivid:

"One has to cross at least a portion of Arizona on the Santa Fe railroad to visualize some of our desert or mountain schools. Pinal County is a very new Chapter. The schools have a great number of Mexican children and for the most part the Chapter has little financial resource. The town of Florence survives chiefly because it is the location of the Arizona State Penitentiary. The recent annual meeting was held at the Grammar School."

Our guess is that the Florence Juniors have found or will find two opportunities for local service, one as occasional hosts for Chapter Meetings at their school and another in connection with gifts for the state penitentiary.

## Saying Thank You Nicely

TEACHERS realize how intricate is the process of educating children daily in the "refinements of social intercourse"; that is, in meeting our friends with friendly courtesy and tact. International school correspondence is one way of meeting friends a very long distance from us. Each year there is evidence that schools have learned how to be a little more thoughtful, a little more gracious toward schoolmates of other countries. Several years ago many classes forgot to send a courteous note of acknowledgment when a portfolio was received. Now these letters come back promptly on their way to schools abroad. A recent one from North Bend, Nebraska, to a school in Bulgaria, said:

"DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

"We, the pupils of District 11, and our teacher, wish to express our thanks and delight in receiving the Junior Red Cross portfolio. We intend keeping it permanently in our school. May we hear from you again?"

A friendly one from a big city school, in New York, said:

"OUR DEAR SPANISH FRIENDS,

"Our teacher read us your letters. It was very nice of you to send us that lovely book so beautifully written. While our teacher was reading it our class praised it. I just loved to hear about the little river between France and your country Spain. I hope this reaches you in the best of health."

Both of these are gracefully expressed. They lack one thing yet; that is, neither one explains that the class is preparing a return portfolio, to be sent before long. The first asks for another one, but promises nothing. If we have ever watched our own classes on tiptoe with eagerness to receive replies to correspondence they have sent, we will understand the empty feeling that even such charming letters of acknowledgment as those quoted may have. Tell your boys and girls that the assurance that they are at work on a reply portfolio is one more way of cementing the friendship so well begun.

Sometimes a school wishes to discontinue a pairing. In that event a notice should be sent promptly to National Headquarters, in order that the foreign school may be given another pairing. As a rule, a school misses a great deal unless it completes at least two exchanges with its foreign school; that is, unless two portfolios are sent and two are received. Longer acquaintance leads to still better understanding.

The advice about promising a return portfolio and then making good on the promise, is given point by the fact that the United States schools are in arrears in exchange with Japan to the extent of at least 200 portfolios, and almost as remiss with Czechoslovakia. No countries send us more picturesque material than these two. Both are in active contact with and their work is popular with schools of many other countries. Let's not miss our opportunity!

## Others Say Thank You to You

MANY schools have been made deservedly happy by letters like the following, sent from the U. S. Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Virginia, to Mr. Luke McDowell, Keyser, West Virginia, for his Juniors. A summary of the Christmas stocking project is given in the Junior Red Cross page of the RED CROSS COURIER for February 1. A reprint will be sent free on request.

"In writing to acknowledge the stockings which you and your Juniors provided for the patients in this Hospital as a part of their Christmas celebration, mere words seem hardly sufficient to express our thanks. Please be assured that the thoughtful generosity evidenced by your shipment, not only in the number sent us but in the contents of the packages, was very greatly appreciated. The stockings made such an attractive appearance that when they were distributed from the tree in the wards, the boys' faces lit up with pleasure at the sight of them before they had time to find out what was inside. The contents were so well selected that a use could be found for everything.

"With hearty greetings to you and your Juniors, and with best wishes for your prosperity in the New Year, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"GERTRUDE G. PEARSON."

# Fitness for Service for February

## A Junior Red Cross Sink

THE County Nurse for Hampshire County, Massachusetts, reports that the Junior Red Cross in Cummington, Massachusetts, although only very recently enrolled, is actively at work. She says:

"The children in the intermediate grades have already had a sale and raised over \$9 which they are going to use to fix up the sink, so they may wash their hands, since many bring their lunches. Containers and soap have been furnished but were broken. A committee is in charge of buying the articles needed—of course through the superintendent's action. The older boys can put up the fixtures and patch up the rack for paper towels. Others have offered to clean up the sink, remove stains, etc. We are going to have a sign printed and placed over the wash-up sink stating that this is Junior Red Cross work. The splendid cooperation and interest of the teacher made the project possible."

To help along with cleanliness practices, the Cleanliness Institute has issued for grades 3 to 5 an attractive supplementary reader, *After the Rain*, describing the cleanliness customs of children of many lands. The illustrations, which are in color, are very jolly; and the tone of the stories is excellent, serving to break down any illusions that children of the United States are by nature more virtuous in the matter of "washing up" than are children of foreign countries. Any teacher may obtain a copy of the reader free by writing to the Cleanliness Institute, 45 E. 17th St., New York.

## Health and the Fine Arts

AN extra-good article called "Fine Art and Literature in Health Education," by Phyllis Radford, was printed in the November, 1927, issue of the *Teacher's College Record*, Bureau of Publications, Teacher's College, Columbia University, New York City. The price for a single number of the *Record* is thirty-five cents.

## "We Rest for One Whole Hour"

A CARDIAC class in school No. 75, Brooklyn, New York, wrote to a heart class in an English school describing a typical school day.

### "DEAR FRIENDS IN ENGLAND:

"When we come to school in the morning, the first thing is inspection. Miss Sackman looks at our teeth, shoes, ears, and clothing. We are marked if we are dirty. The next thing we do is to study poetry until nine o'clock. After a while we have arithmetic for one hour. We work in groups as we have twelve grades. Next we dictate our spelling to each other.

"After this we have recess. We drink milk from a little half-pint bottle with a straw. Sometimes we have games. The rest of the time we have grammar, history, and civics.

"At a quarter to twelve o'clock we go home for dinner. We return at twenty minutes of one. We rest for one whole hour in steamer chairs, covered with wool blankets, without opening our eyes. If we do it is bad conduct.

"When we wake up we put up our steamer chairs and take our exercise. We study geography for the rest of the time and have oral English or poetry. Our afternoon teacher comes and we play all kinds of games until five o'clock. We play 'Going to Jerusalem,' 'Beast, Bird or Fish,' and many other games.

"Your friend,

"TONY PROVENSONO, 5A."

Another letter about health education was written by the Union High School, Livermore, California, to school friends in Switzerland.

### "DEAR FRIENDS IN SWITZERLAND:

"Here we have what we think is a wonderful climate. Of course we do not have all sunshine, we do have days that it rains, but we do not have so much rough weather as most places. The climate of Livermore is so healthful that we have a Sanitarium for the cure of tuberculosis, a preventorium for children who are susceptible to this disease, and the United States Government is now completing a tuberculosis hospital for veterans of the World War.

"One of the subjects I study is Biology. We have been studying about germs and diseases and so the other day we took a trip to a tuberculosis hospital. It is situated about five miles out of town, so it was necessary to go in automobiles. When we reached the sanitarium the head Doctor and a nurse took us through some of the buildings. It was very interesting.

"We first went through the X-Ray Room. In here we saw the X-Ray machine, the tubes, etc. The Doctor put one of the boys behind a screen after all the lights were turned out, and he took an X-Ray of him. We could see his heart beating, his ribs, and his shoulder bones when he moved them. We also saw his head and the brain. The Doctor also showed us a purse and we could see the money inside.

"The next thing we saw was a room where they treat the patients with a light called the ultra violet ray.

"Then we went down to a laboratory and saw them make several tests and saw the tubercular bacilli under the microscope. We saw the porches that the patients are on and the radio sets they have. Each patient has ear phones that are connected to a larger radio set. They are able to hear concerts and speakers and thus amuse themselves.

"We were taken through the dining room, and then up to the building where they keep the children. There are some cute children and we saw the schoolroom where the older ones were working. The children do not look like there is anything wrong with them as they are fat, husky, and very tan from being in the sun.

"Needless to say we all hated to go back to school; especially when there was a history exam waiting for us.

"From your American friend,

"LEONA JOHNSON."

These letters suggest the use that may be made of health education as a topic for school correspondence. Needless to say, it should be well done, as it has been in both these cases. A foreign worker protested, over one set of correspondence—"It is impossible to interest the teachers in these uninteresting letters about food." It is not impossible, if the letters are written entertainingly, but it is so easy to grow dull in writing or talking about health chores. If health education activities are made fascinating, and if reasonable attention is then paid to matters of expression and form, the letters will almost surely be entertaining. And incentives to health practices are given new power, when children realize how many comrades they have, in how many nations, in the crusade for "Fitness for Service!"

## Rest

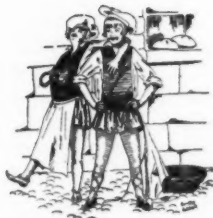
"Rest is not quitting  
The busy career;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to one's sphere.  
"Tis the brook's motion,  
Clear without strife;  
Fleeting to ocean  
After its life.  
"Tis loving and serving  
The highest and best;  
'Tis onward, unswerving,  
And this is true rest."

—Goethe



# The Baker's Boys of Andernach<sup>\*</sup>

Wilhelm Schafer



ON the Rhine-gate at Andernach a very ancient stone carving represents two baker's boys whose wonderful courage saved the town from destruction by the enemy. Here is the legend:

The Archbishop of Cologne had taken away from Andernach certain customs privileges and given them to the town of Linz, thus causing bitter strife between the two cities. One night the people of Linz sent a large force to Andernach with orders to seize that troublesome town and reduce it to ashes.

It was still quite dark when the Linzers landed at the gates of Andernach. They planned to storm the town at dawn, a good scheme, they thought, since the people of Andernach were notorious sleepy-heads.

Now on this particular morning, two baker's boys, having finished depositing their fresh loaves and rolls on the window-sills of their clients (for the servants were still fast asleep), decided to amuse themselves on the city-wall. On the platform on top of the Rhine-gate the watchman had set up a number of bee-hives. Stealing along the platform, the boys stuffed the entrance hole of every hive with clay, chuckling with delight at the idea of the guard's astonishment and anger. Then the young scamps tied a rope across the guardian's door and were free to concoct another joke, when one of them heard a noise coming up from the river which sounded like metal hitting on stone. At the same time the other thought he heard men's voices above the sound of the water. The boys on the gate listened intently, as they peered down through the dense fog. Suddenly, they distinguished a great number of armed men creeping along on their hands and knees, their weapons gleaming in the now approaching dawn. The boys watched them sit down at the further side of the wall to wait for their comrades before beginning to storm the gate. They had already set up an enormous battering ram.

The baker's boys turned cold with fear. One wanted to rush to spread the alarm, but his companion reminded him that meantime the enemy would have entered the town and easily overcome its sleeping inhabitants. So, while the men below were starting for the great assault, the boys each seized a bee-hive and hurled them at the

foremost soldiers. These, starting back violently, brought disorder into the ranks of the men behind, and the battering-ram they had manned, instead of bursting upon the gate, went into the ground with a heavy thud. This unlooked for result encouraged the boys. Quickly and dexterously they seized the remaining bee-hives and flung them down one by one on the assailants, who, in the uncertain morning-light, probably mistook them for heavy stones and, dropping the battering-ram, speedily withdrew.

The baker's boys had worked in silence, but now they ran into the town and rang the alarm with such force that everybody was aroused, and in fifteen minutes the citizens, fully armed, were standing along every foot of the wall and commanding its towers.

Nevertheless, men just roused from sleep may be overpowered if attacked by those who are wide awake and prepared, and the citizens of Andernach would scarcely have been successful in the fight if

(Continued on page 106)



Quickly and dexterously they seized the remaining bee-hives

<sup>\*</sup>Reprinted from the German Junior Magazine.

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# We Visit a Famous Potter

Marguerite de Gripenberg

"ALL ABOARD! Santa Fé No. 3 going West!" Isn't it fun to be on the Santa Fé Limited, flying through the plains of Kansas, into Colorado and now into New Mexico?

The Negro porter goes through our train, calling out "Lamy next stop, change for Santa Fé!"

I am taking you with me on this journey to a pueblo, or Indian village, beyond Santa Fé. At Lamy we get off the main Santa Fé line and jump on a little train that is awaiting us. On our way back we hope to stop longer at the picturesque little Spanish station of Lamy and its lovely Fred Harvey hotel, built in the Spanish style, with a patio in the center and green grass surrounding it.

We are in the train now, a day coach full of old Mexican women all dressed in black and swathed in

*MANY Indians of the Southwest know and love Madame de Gripenberg, who, before her marriage at the British Embassy in Paris, last fall, was Miss Moseley-Williams. She started the Junior Red Cross in many of the Indian schools. Her husband is the Minister from Finland to Spain and Portugal, so now she lives in Madrid*

black shawls, which make dismal frames for their sallow faces. In contrast to these women, wrinkled and worn, are the young Mexican girls and Spanish-American children dressed in bright colors and wearing a

great deal of cheap jewelry. They are gay and happy, they speak continuously and in Spanish. The children are well behaved and look with longing eyes at the candy man as he passes up and down the coach, but they never buy.

In the coach there are one or two tall, lean cowboys. Behind them sit silent old Indians, who seem to be living in another world; they notice nothing; they hear nothing; their faces are immovable.

Our train pulls and pulls with much puffing and gasping up the mountain. Now we cannot see Lamy or the Santa Fé railroad. In front of us there are great open spaces, desert, mountains, piñon trees, sage brush. The desert stretches before us colored like an opal. There seem to be pyramids and mountains of queer, lovely shapes, reds, pinks, orange, browns, all colors mingled together, just as if an artist had upset his paint box.

To the right of us in the distance we see the Sangre de Cristo Range, fiery red with the reflection of the setting sun. We see the hazy blue and purple Jemez Mountains. We have forgotten we are on a train, forgotten the close odors, and even the candy man passes unnoticed. "Santa Fé! Santa Fé! all change at Santa Fé." We are there, but there is no hurry, for we are in the land of mañana, the land of "poco tiempo" where things are done with calm and dignity.

Santa Fé is one of the oldest cities of the United States, a little of old Spain dropped in the southwest corner of our big country. But I am not going to take you around Santa Fé with me, because you can read about it in your books. We are only going to stay here for the night. Tomorrow first thing we start for a real Indian village, where Maria Martinez, the famous potter, lives and we are going to see Maria and find out how she lives and how she makes her pottery.

Already it is morning. We slept well and had a good breakfast of eggs cooked in Spanish style, wheat cakes, fruit and milk. Now we are in a motor car winding up the hills out of Santa Fé, at the foot of the wooded Sangre de Cristo mountains which are so green this morning. We have driven for ten miles along the loveliest road, passing Tuseque and several Mexican villages. Now we turn off the main road from Santa Fé to Taos and take a funny little, bumpy, sandy lane along the Rio Grande River bank



The kiva is built of mud bricks and is entered by a ladder



to an adobe Mexican village, where the flaming red chilies are hanging from the roofs of the small houses to dry. About three miles down the lane we leave the river and turn into a road which is a little wider and on we go for another mile. Then suddenly the road narrows again and with a sharp turn we see before us many low, round, mud houses, some terraced, some just one story high. This is the San Ildefonso pueblo.

In the center of the village is a round ceremonial club house, built of mud bricks. One enters it by a ladder, which you can see sticking out from the top. This *kiva*, the Indian name for the room, means the same as a church means to us. Only the Indians are allowed inside it. It is very sacred to them.

We leave this *estufa*, which is the Spanish word for *kiva*, and go up a small hill to a house which stands alone and is much bigger than the rest. This is where Maria Martinez lives. Her home is built of sun dried mud bricks just like the rest, but it is longer and bigger than most of the houses and it has windows in it. It is only one story and is not attached to any other house as the rest of the Indian houses in the village are.

We knock at the bright blue, newly painted door. We wait quite a long time and not a sound is heard. I believe they are peeping out of the keyhole, don't you? But suddenly and silently the door is opened by an Indian man. The man is about five feet eleven inches tall and rather stout. He is dressed in a dark pair of trousers and a white shirt which hangs down outside his trousers. Around his neck is a string of chunks of turquoise and a gay colored head band is carelessly wound around his black hair. His reddish moccasins almost match his copper colored skin. He smiles when he sees who it is. His dark eyes flash an instant recognition. His white teeth glitter in sharp contrast to his darkness. This man is Maria's husband, Julion, and he is the one who decorates all of Maria's beautiful pottery.

He takes us inside their home. There is a small hallway with a room right in front and we can see that in this room with its dirt floor there is a real kitchen range. That door to the right of us is shut and I imagine that is where they sleep, don't you?

And now we turn to the left, in through a bright blue door, and leaving the mud floor of the hallway behind, we step into a largish room with white-washed walls and a wooden floor. On the walls are pictures of Maria, snapshot photographs of her and of her children and of Julion. There are post cards of all kinds and gaudy hangings, cheap photograph frames, advertisements from the local stores in the shape of bright pictures with calendars attached. Posters from the railroads are mixed in with Navaho belts, wampum and beads, all hanging in great



*San Ildefonso Juniors. The boy wearing the stocking cap is Maria Martinez's son. The one with the hat is a brother of Alfonso Roybal, the famous Indian artist whose Indian name is Awa Tsireh*

array on the walls. There are one or two chairs, a table and a Navaho rug. To the left of the door, half of the floor is covered with beautiful pottery of all sizes and shapes, some plain, some designed. Most of it is shiny black, but some is red and some dull and unpolished. There is a slight noise and in comes Maria, a fat, jolly, round-faced Indian woman, with a little boy clinging to her hand-woven black skirt. She looks at us, her dark eyes show she knows us, she laughs, giggles again and sits down. She is gay and pretty. Her hair is done in Pueblo Indian style, bobbed in the front and coiled around red yarn to make a sort of oblong bun in the back. She wears the Pueblo Indian woman's dress, but without the usual little white apron. Maria can speak only a few words of English, but she can speak Spanish. She likes to use her English words when she can and always,



*Pottery from the San Ildefonso Pueblo*

*Courtesy Art and Archeology*

as a joke, she will give you some English words which don't mean anything.

Her husband is now seated at the table, painting the designs on Maria's pottery with a thin piece of weed or grass. He tells me that he is using a little split of the corn leaf. He dips it into the native dye, that black looking stuff in the lid of a tin can. He draws the most complicated symmetrical design with this piece of grass around the pottery. He has no measure of any sort. He has no pattern. He goes on working and he does not take much notice of us, but occasionally he will look up and say something in the tongue of the Tewa tribe to his small son, who has very few clothes on and is sucking a piece of wood.

Maria tells me she makes \$200.00 a month from the sale of her pottery. When we ask her to tell us how she makes her pottery, she smiles and two deep dimples show in her fat cheeks. School is out, that is the government school in the pueblo, and home comes young Julion, a lad of twelve with his younger brother, a boy about nine. Both of them can speak English well. Maria tells them to take their baby brother out to play, while she teaches us how to make pottery.

She first explains that she has to go to a mountain near by to get a special kind of clay, which is of a dark gray color. She keeps it in water, as it must be moist. She pulls some out and gives us each a piece and we begin moulding with our hands a round bowl. Then Maria gives each one a little piece of flat, smooth, shiny stone, which she tells us is hundreds and hundreds of years old and has been used by many Indians before in the making of pottery.

We follow Maria's directions exactly. With the right hand we break a piece of the clay off from the big lump. This we smooth out from the palm of the hand by patting it against the other hand, making a long narrow strip. Then back go three fingers of the left hand into the pot which we have just begun to mould, and

with the right hand we take the flattened strip and slowly place it on the top of the pot. Then we take the stone, dip it in the water and smooth off the line which has been made by putting the extra piece of clay onto the pot. We smooth and shape the bowl with our fingers and then with the stone and we keep adding to it by patting on these strips, until we have it the size and shape that we wish it to be. Then it must be left to dry for a day or two. If we wish to have a glazed bowl we have to paint it with a rabbit's foot dipped in some special mineral which only the Indians know how to find.

In some of the villages, as in Zuni, the women paint and decorate the pottery, but in most of the pueblos the men put on the designs. The men look after the religious welfare of the tribe and only they know the meaning of the designs. But there are many designs that have no symbolic significance. An Indian is an artist and he will draw anything which his creative instinct prompts him to produce.

After the pottery is glazed and left to dry for a day, it must be baked. For this dried manure caked into square pieces is burned. The pottery is surrounded by these cakes of specially dried manure. The baking takes some time and you may watch

your pot until it is bright red. It is just like putting a poker into the fire and waiting until it is glowing with fiery heat. Then very carefully you knock down the pieces of manure from around the pottery. Allow your jar to cool and your pot is finished. Sometimes one pot requires two or three bakings.

And so you see it takes some time to make pottery and it is a very beautiful art and one has to be quite skilled in order to be a good pottery maker.

Of course Maria must be amused at our funny, lopsided bowls. But she is very polite and does not let us feel that she could do ever so much better. And so we thank her and she shows her jolly dimples and we troop out into the bright sunlight again, ready for the trip back to Santa Fé.



*Crucita Gonzales, another San Ildefonso Junior*

## The Baker's Boys of Andernach

*(Continued from page 103)*

the two baker's boys had not mobilized another army which proved a very effective ally. For when the enemy discovered the nature of the missiles which had frightened them, several men who had already been stung by the bees became so infuriated that they began smashing and cutting the hives into pieces with their swords and spears. Whereupon thousands of raging bees turned on their assailants as

one man. They penetrated inside armor and under helmets, stinging the men in the eyes and faces, so that the terrified soldiers rushed away to their boats, trying to protect themselves from the swarming insects. Some of the men even jumped into the river to get rid of their tormentors.

Thus, the Andernachers, without opening their gate, had given their enemies such battle that the people from Linz never dreamed of attacking them again.

# Old Abe, the War Eagle

Frances Margaret Fox

THE most famous eagle in all history is our own Old Abe, who, as the living emblem of our country, passed his brief and glorious life in the service of Uncle Sam.

Away back in 1861, he first looked out on the world from his nest in the top of a tall pine tree in the State of Wisconsin. He had a father and a mother and a twin brother, and might be living now if he had grown up with his family, because eagles should live to be one hundred years old.

It happened, however, that Old Abe was taken from his lofty nest by an Indian before he had learned to fly and while he was a mere infant wearing dark brown rompers of soft down. The Indian was Chief Sky, the son of Chief Thunder-of-Bees. The Indian children called their captive Mee-ke-zeen-ce, which in our language means Little Eagle. They took such good care of their pet, and fed him so many fresh fish and so much venison, that he grew and thrived, and seems never to have been homesick.

In due time Mee-ke-zeen-ce put on his little boy eagle suit of feathers, joyfully stretched his wings and learned to use them. He was as free as the air and might have flown away to the mountains, but he must have believed that the Indian children were his brothers and sisters. Anyway he lived happily with them until Chief Sky offered him to a white man for a bushel of corn. Now, the white man had seen Mee-ke-zeen-ce fly from the Indian's canoe and take a bath in the river. As he had never before seen an eagle splashing in the water like that, he quickly offered the bushel of corn in exchange for the Indian's pet. It may be that Mee-ke-zeen-ce missed the gentle Indian children, because he began to be irritable as soon as he went to live with the white man. That gave the white man a new idea.

"As you like to fight," said he to the young eagle, "I shall send you to war!"

Accordingly he sold the bird to a company of Wisconsin volunteers, who gladly collected and paid \$2.50 for a living eagle as a mascot to help them win the battles of the Civil War.

From the very beginning the eagle was pleased with life in the United States Army. He was sworn



"Old Abe," the soldier bird,  
in one of his grave moods

into the service by having red, white and blue ribbons placed around his neck, and a red, white and blue rosette upon his breast. A tall young man who was chosen as Eagle Bearer procured a perch for the big bird, and two young ladies made a pair of small flags to be placed on each side of him at the top of the tall staff.

From the hour of his first parade, Mee-ke-zeen-ce always enjoyed his place in processions. Whenever and wherever banners were streaming, bands were playing and the boys in blue were marching, the eagle on his perch at the head of the line was in his glory.

When the Volunteers reached LaCrosse, Wisconsin, on their way to war, they were offered two hundred dollars for their bird. He was already a famous eagle. His company, the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry Volunteers, was called the Eagle Company, and the

regiment was known ever after as the Eagle Regiment. At Madison, Captain Perkins, in command of the Eagle Company, named their bird "Old Abe" in honor of Abraham Lincoln.

They tell us that on arriving at Madison, Captain Perkins immediately marched with his men to Camp Randall, while the band played "Yankee Doodle." Old Abe's biographer says that the Eagle Company was given a rousing welcome at Camp Randall. Then, says a newspaper account, "Just as the company passed the gate, and defiled between these living rows of spectators who then gave an outburst of enthusiasm, with a dart of his piercing eye to the flag floating close over him, Old Abe seized one end of it within his beak, and spread his wings with a continuously flapping motion."

"The excitement of the crowd knew no bounds. They shouted again and again, till the very welkin trembled for joy. Deep and strong was the conviction that the Eagle Company had a charmed life."

Immediately a fine new perch was made for Old Abe who was an extremely dignified bird and made an impressive appearance when borne at the head of processions by his proud bearer. The Eagle Company was also the color company of the regiment.



Therefore the two bearers marched side by side, the eagle at the left of the flag.

For three years Old Abe served his country on the battlefield. Many times he flew away to get a general view of the land, but always returned to his company. He always knew his company, his regiment and his bearer. We are told that he was terrible in battle. He screamed and flapped his wings and yelled in a way that gave every man in his regiment unconquerable courage. The Confederates had the greatest respect for Old Abe. General Price of the Confederate Army once said that he would rather capture Old Abe than a dozen battle flags.

The bird was never captured and his men were never defeated in battle. His retreats became victories. No eagle bearer nor color bearer was ever shot down in his regiment. At the close of the war, after Old Abe had taken part in more than twenty battles and about thirty skirmishes, he was mustered out of service with his comrades.

He was a full grown eagle by this time with wings that measured six and one-half feet from tip to tip. He had changed his brown head feathers for the pure white ones worn by all bald-headed eagles after the age of three or four years. Great generals had honored him and the boys in blue loved him.

P. T. Barnum offered twenty thousand dollars for the eagle, but the priceless bird was given instead to the State of Wisconsin, which provided him with a good home for life in the State Capitol.

Although Old Abe's military record was brilliant, he did more for the good of his country after the war was over. It seemed as if everyone in the United States wished to see this famous bird. They gladly

paid for the privilege of meeting the hero in feathers. Therefore Old Abe began his travels and in a short time had earned twenty-five thousand dollars toward building homes for soldiers and soldiers' orphans.

Many photographs of Old Abe were taken, even portraits were painted. Once he sat for his statue.

In those days the Sanitary Commission did work now done by the American Red Cross. All over the country Sanitary Fairs were held to earn money to be used in caring for sick and disabled soldiers. At the great Sanitary Fair held at Chicago in 1865, Old Abe, with help from his biographer and photographers, earned sixteen thousand dollars to be used in caring for sick and wounded soldiers.

There are enough stories told about Old Abe and his ways and doings to make a big book. He never forgot a friend. He recognized two of his old bearers with loving delight, when he met them, each at a different time, years after he had parted from them.

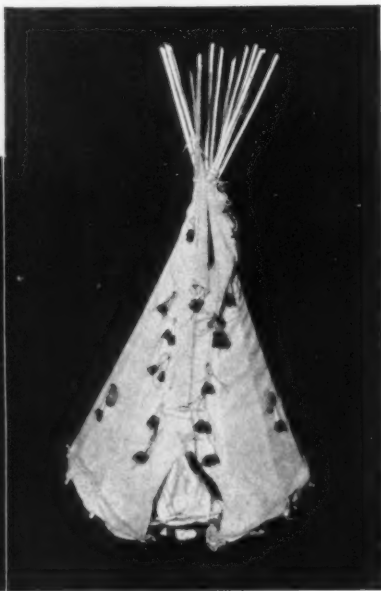
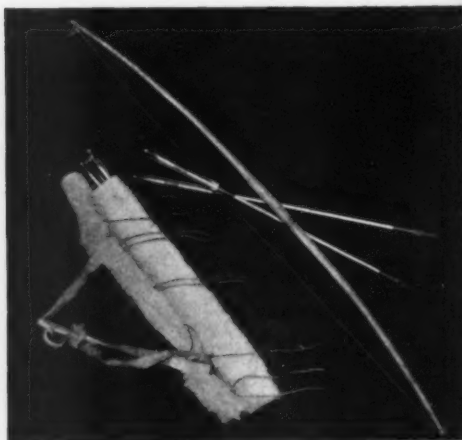
Old Abe attended the Centennial Exposition held in Philadelphia in 1876, and was several months in Boston, where he helped earn money to save the Old South Church from destruction. He attended banquets, conventions, fairs, lectures and concerts. Wherever he went he was the center of attraction. On the platform he always thrilled audiences by knowing when to clap his wings and cheer.

After twenty years of service in civil life, Old Abe died one day at his home in Madison.

It should be a comfort to the high-flying eagles to know that when one of their family came down from the clouds to live with us, we treated him with kindness and the honor due a King of the Air and Emblem of our Country.

## Gifts from Tongue River

PUPILS in the Cheyenne Indian Agency School on the Tongue River Reservation, Montana, made a miniature tepee, a bow and a goatskin quiver full of steel-tipped, feathered arrows for an eastern



school. The gifts went to the Chatsworth Avenue School, Larchmont, N.Y., which has made many exchanges with Indian schools. Not long ago the Larchmont Juniors sent a box of games, toys and 240 interesting books, some of which went to the Tongue River Agency school. The New York Juniors wrote:

"Our school was fortunate enough to receive your lovely gifts. We want you to know how much we appreciated them. We have them in the main hall where all the pupils and many visitors can see them. Tahan, the noted Indian lecturer, is coming to tell us about his boyhood, and we shall be happy to show them to him."

## Junior Doings in Other Lands

**W**HEN sailors were drowned in a shipwreck off the Baltic coast near Riga, Latvian Juniors gave help and collected money for the widows and orphans.

The Gubene Parish Primary School, besides re-stocking medical chests, organized a skating rink, supplied the school library with books and magazines, started a small orchestra and arranged a course of lectures, and at Christmas gave a tree to some poor children.

Some of these Latvian Juniors provide breakfast for poorer comrades, from a special "Hot Breakfast Fund," and supply warm clothes which they make themselves.

**T**HE minimum program of the Czech Junior Red Cross this year says: Care for one sick school fellow; do some personal thing towards cleanliness and comfort of the school; carry out personal cleanliness; assist in arranging some entertainment for Junior Red Cross work.

**T**HE Juniors in Bishkupatz, Yugoslavia, report: "As beginners we did not at first know what to do, but our teacher proposed that we make different articles of handwork and later organize an exhibition. We collected donations, bought material and gave out the work to be done. With great joy we worked and watched our own progress. There was no one happier than we when we finally arranged our work for the exhibition, all done in national style with national designs. The exhibition was successful beyond our expectations. Our expenditure amounted to 520 dinars and we sold 2005 dinars' worth of our handwork. The money earned we invested in the Postal Savings Bank and by means of it we were able to continue our work the next year.

**J**UNIORS of Macksville, Victoria, Australia, organized a street market stall in which they sold vegetables, fruits and jams collected by members. They made \$35 for the benefit of delicate children in the Junior Red Cross Homes. Running truck shops and street stalls are favorite means of raising money among Australian schools. The Macksville Juniors also sell cook books.

Juniors of the Young Intermediate High School and the Primary Circles



*The Junior group of the "Calo" Elementary School in Debrecen, Hungary, with their cow*

combined to give a fancy dress dance at the high school for the Junior Red Cross Homes, making \$25.

**W**HEN the Juniors of the "Calv." Elementary School in Debrecen, Hungary, realized that some of their schoolmates did not get enough nourishing food, especially milk, they decided to buy a cow. They gave two concerts, and with the proceeds purchased a cow and a calf. They then sold the calf, and as the school is a day school they gave the cow into the care of a farmer. He feeds it and milks it, and in return gets two liters of the day's milk and in addition has been promised the second calf. The Juniors go every day to the farmer's to fetch the milk, which is then served to the specially thin ones. All are weighed regularly, so the whole class is able to see just what amount of service their cow is giving as a builder of health.

**"G**REETINGS from Mossiface to Stockton," is the title of a little portfolio which came from Australia to California this winter. The Mossiface School is in Victoria. In the portfolio, which was sent in return for one from Stockton, were pockets containing Rosella parrot feathers, wattle blossoms and maidenhair fern, and bean and "maize" seeds. The rest of the book is made up of compositions about school life, illustrated with nice snapshots.



*The Juniors of Stupava, Czechoslovakia, have planted 100 fruit trees in their community*

**I**N the Vincenzo Monti School in Turin, Italy, the Juniors gave up their Thursday morning holidays, and with the help of a teacher, devoted the time to the copying of books in Braille, which they sent to a home for blind children in the city.

# AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS -- -- NEWS -- --

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*February—fortnights two—  
Briefest of the months are you,  
Of the winter's children last.  
Why do you go by so fast?*

*You're the baby of the year,  
And to me you're very dear,  
Just because you bring the line:  
"Will you be my Valentine?"*

—Frank Dempster Sherman

## THE MARICOPA WOOD BOX

The Story of the February Calendar Picture

YOU might suppose that down among the cottonwoods which grow in the irrigated parts of southern Arizona there would be no need of a fire the year round. But in February even there there is a nip in the early morning air.

The boys of the Maricopa Day School, at Sacaton, Arizona, found themselves quite popular when they chose as a Junior Red Cross project to keep a neat wood pile outside the schoolhouse and a full wood box inside. When a cottonwood tree fell or was trimmed they chopped and sawed. But when wood failed they went a little way into the desert and hauled a giant cactus.

This great club-like plant is the friend of the desert Indians, for from its ribs they make the framework of their houses and from its fibre, the walls and roof. It also furnishes food and drink, fuel and bedding for cattle.

The friendly Maricopa Day School stands in a grove of cottonwood trees, golden-leaved in winter time, glowing like burnished metal against the burning sky. The school is built halfway round a rectangle, with the teacher's house on the opposite side. In the space between the two spreads a precious

patch of lawn with flower beds watered and weeded devoutly by the school children. For although over much of the irrigated desert there shimmers a nap of green, and trees mark the lines of the canals, yet sod and garden flowers are rare. Every morning, to the sound of the bugle, the pupils gather to run up the flag and salute Old Glory in this fragrant spot which but lately was part of the bleak desert.

When I painted the boys, whose names are George Donohue, Hiram Bread, Nicolas Sun and Ross McKinley, they had just finished reciting a lesson on Abraham Lincoln. They described his house, his occupation and his character and told the story of his helping the pig out of the mud—all in excellent English, though for them this is as foreign a language as their Indian tongue would be for us.

The Maricopas live among the Pimas, who are their best friends. Long ago the peaceful, unwarlike Maricopas would have disappeared altogether, had not the Pimas adopted them into their own tribe and fought their battles against the fierce Yumas. Now Maricopas and Pimas live as one tribe speaking the same language. But when they die, a Pima is buried, while a Maricopa is burned; and only a Maricopa knows the secret of the richly polished red and black pottery made by his tribe.

—ANNA MILO UPJOHN

## ESTHONIA'S TENTH BIRTHDAY

FEBRUARY 24th is Esthonia's great national holiday and this year it will be especially celebrated, for then the Esthonian Republic will be ten years old. A letter from a school in Esthonia says:

"Every year on the 24th of February we celebrate the anniversary of our independence. In spite of cold and snow all streets are crowded with people. This year the day was particularly festive in our capital town. There is no house all over the Esthonian Republic which is not decorated with the proud blue, black and white flag. These colors signify: Blue for the sky over us; Black for the earth which gives us all our riches; and the White for the love of the Esthonians for their dear native country."

The Esthonians are a very old people. They used to live by hunting and fishing on the middle banks of the Volga River. But they wandered farther north and settled on the Gulf of Finland, where some German people were already living. The newcomers called themselves country people, but their German neighbors called them Esthonians, or "Eastern people." They settled down and became farmers. For a long time they were pagans and certain German Christian knights went on crusade against them and overcame them. When the power of the German knights waned and died, Esthonia came under different governments—first the Danes, then the Poles, then the Swedes, whom they asked to come, and then the Russians. It was from Russia that Esthonia declared herself independent, February 24, 1918.





By Maude Wood Henry

Illustration by Marie Abrams Lawson

Said Mister Jack Frost on a cold winter eve:  
 "Here's a lovely rain-barrel. I almost believe  
 The ice-elves upset it, well knowing that I  
 Could make them a cave if I wanted to try.  
 Well, here goes," said Jack, and he coated with ice  
 The barrel, till it was all frosty and nice;  
 And then, with the magic known only to him,  
 Hung a row of stalactites right over its rim;  
 Stalagmites he stuck in a raggedy row

On the floor (that's the way stalagmites always grow).  
 When these fairy-like fringes were on it, the cask  
 Made the jolliest cave any fairy could ask.  
 And when all was finished our artist Jack gave  
 A call which brought all the ice-elves to the cave.  
 "There you are—all shipshape and as snug as can be,"  
 He said to the wee folk who danced round in glee.  
 "Hop into it now if you want any fun,  
 How long it will last all depends on the sun."

## The Faithful Cow

SOMEWHERE in the district of Heng Chow in the province of Hunan, China, there stands by the roadside at the edge of the mountains a monument dedicated to the memory of a faithful cow. It was at this very spot that years ago a tragedy occurred.

Now you should first know that the cow was, and continues to be, a tiller of the soil in Southern China; also she was, and continues to be, a member of the farmer's family. Wang Yi Shiang was a farmer of this mountainous district and, being poor, he possessed only one cow. While he was working in the rice field, his eldest son, having then attained the responsible age of eight years, attended the cow in her daily search for green grass. This had been the custom among boys of his station in life since time immemorial. Often he would ride upon the back of the cow along the shaded banks of a rivulet playing his flute as she cropped the grass.

One day the pair failed to return at the usual time. Wang Yi Shiang was alarmed and immediately set out in search of them, for night was falling. He knew their usual haunts and it did not take him long to locate them. He was horrified to find his boy unconscious on the ground beneath the cow, which stood motionless, covered with blood. He hurried to them, lifted his boy up and embraced him. But

Y. L. Chin quick as lightning, the minute the boy was raised up, the cow fell down dead.

The boy soon gained consciousness. He was weak, but he remembered well what had happened. He had been, as usual, sitting on the cow's back playing his flute when suddenly, as if from nowhere, a tiger came rushing at them. Both cow and boy were terrified with fright. With an instinctive trust in his friend, the boy flung himself to the ground and crawled between her legs. The tiger sprang at the cow attacking her in different directions, but she managed to repulse the attack each time by turning her head and horns against the enemy. They were engaged in a life-and-death struggle and they went at it for hours until the boy lost consciousness.

The cow evidently realized she was protecting the boy. She might have escaped if she had tried, or if that was impossible, she could have charged and fought with greater freedom, had she not chosen to remain on one spot. As it was, she suffered mortal wounds from which she was dying every minute. Yet she would not give up her position, even when her enemy was no longer in sight. She stood guard silently—shedding her life's blood, but keeping her trust. Not until she saw her ward in safer hands did she fall to the ground to rest in peace.

# That Blooming Boy

A Play Founded on the Only Record of Its Kind in the Continental Army

Kathleen Read Coontz

Illustrations by Blanche Greer

## CHARACTERS:

TIMOTHY THATCHER	GENERAL VON STEUBEN
ROBERT SHIRTLIFFE	THOMAS THORPE, General
MRS. CODDER	Washington's Secretary
GENERAL WASHINGTON	ORDERLY

## SCENE 1

TIME: The spring of 1778, towards dusk.

PLACE: On the old Limekiln road in Pennsylvania.

**T**WO soldiers in the uniform of the Continental private are walking along. One is a burly soldier, with a rough unshaven face. The other is a young lad with smooth countenance and a fine upright carriage.

**TIMOTHY THATCHER:** Gosh, Blooming Boy, there ain't no cause in the world to keep a man fightin' when his ribs is runnin' together and when he ain't got shoes on his feet. That's what made us mutiny down there last December. Tell yer I'm going to quit this mess 'fore another winter.

**ROBERT SHIRTLIFFE:** No, Timmy, you aren't going to do that. You're going to see it through. You aren't getting gunpowder fever are you?

**THATCHER:** Me? No, not after wallowing through Lexington. But, me, I'm tired—doggone tired of sojering. Tain't nothing to it. I'm goin' back to nice cooked vittals and a bed and food—br-r-r ain't never got thawed out yit, that pesky spring wind goes through a feller!

**SHIRTLIFFE:** The good food and warm clothes and bed might warm your body, Tim, but they can never win independence for your country. It takes starving and suffering and—believing—to pull us through.

*(The young soldier pauses for a moment and presses his hand to his side. A spasm of pain crosses his face.)*

**THATCHER:** That pesky bullet still a-botherin' yer?

**SHIRTLIFFE:** It still speaks up occasionally, Tim.

**THATCHER:** Old Doc Binney says as how yer were to be careful. What's in that letter yer takin' to the Gen'al?

**SHIRTLIFFE:** I don't know, Tim. Dr. Binney didn't tell me.

*(The soldiers tramp along in silence for a few minutes. A light appears in the window of a little house.)*

**THATCHER:** Reckon that's the place yer's aimin' to ask about yer folks?

**SHIRTLIFFE:** Yes, I think this is Mrs. Codder's.

**THATCHER:** Halloo, there! Halloo! Two sojers of the Continental Army!

*(The door opens and a woman sticks her head out.)*

**THE WOMAN:** Who be yer?

**SHIRTLIFFE:** I came from the same part of the country up in Middleborough where your folks live and I was anxious for news from thereabouts.

**MRS. CODDER:** What did yer say yer name is?

**SHIRTLIFFE:** Shirliffe, Robert Shirliffe.

**MRS. CODDER:** Can't exactly recollect that name, but I'm glad to see yer. Come in both of yer, there's supper on the table.



*"What's in that letter yer takin' to the Gen'al, Blooming Boy?"*

**SHIRTLIFFE:** We must reach Mann's Tavern tonight. You go in, Tim, and eat something. A canteen of coffee will hold me. I don't care to sit down and relax until I can get my boots off.

**THATCHER:** This boy ain't long outa the hospital. He's still carryin' a Red Coat bullet somewhere in his carcass. The doctor sent me along to be sure he got to Headquarters with a letter. He oughter be going home instead, the Blooming Boy.

**MRS. CODDER:** Blooming Boy?

**THATCHER:** That's his nickname with us sojers.

*(THATCHER gives SHIRTLIFFE a pat on the shoulder as he passes in the house. The woman goes over to the edge of the porch and scans SHIRTLIFFE's face.)*

**MRS. CODDER:** My, but yer young to stand the hard life of a soldier. Ain't yer Ma grieving fer yer?

**SHIRTLIFFE:** It would hurt her if she knew of our hardships—*(then hastily)* But can you give me some news from around Plympton or Middleborough?

**MRS. CODDER:** Yes, I got a passel of news the other day when Mehitable Thorpe passed along with her Pa who was on his way to give some message to Congress at Lancaster. Her brother, Tommy Thorpe, is serving somewhere around there. Did you know them?

**SHIRTLIFFE:** Yes, especially Tommy. We used to play together as children.

**MRS. CODDER:** Enos Harper's oldest son was killed in the fightin' around Trenton.

**SHIRTLIFFE:** Not Danny! Poor Danny always hated noise—and—blood. War must have gone hard with him.

**MRS. CODDER:** Let me see if I heard anything else. Oh, yes, did you know Widow Sampson's daughter who had been bound out to Deacon Jeremiah Thomas for a number of years?

SHIRTLIFFE: I knew Deborah, yes. What about her?

MRS. CODDER: Enough about her. Didn't she just up and leave the Deacon's without as much as a word 'bout where she was a-going. She was allus a queer sort of girl. While she didn't have much mind to sew and spin, they say she was allus fine to lend a hand outside. Could harness a horse or pitch hay good as a man. Liked to ride the horses to plow; just seemed to hanker after outside things—and books. Used to take 'em out in the field and when she was eatin' her lunch she would read and hide the books under the haystack. If she hadn't allus been a good girl folks might be a-talkin'—

SHIRTLIFFE: I knew Deborah, better perhaps than anybody. She did not, I am sure, want to alarm or deceive anyone by her departure.

MRS. CODDER: She left a note to the Deacon. They say it went something like this: "There is so much to be done, I cannot sit by and watch." What do yer suppose she meant by that?

SHIRTLIFFE: What did they think she meant, Mrs. Codder?

MRS. CODDER: Had them all puzzled like to this day—and that's been nigh two years ago. There's plenty to do at home without runnin' away. Me, ain't I breaking my back spinnin' and knittin' socks and comforters fer the sojers?

SHIRTLIFFE: Sometimes women have different ideas about their place in the world, Mrs. Codder.

MRS. CODDER: Tain't but one place fer a woman—  
(The voice of her daughter calling to her causes MRS. CODDER to dart back into the house. SHIRTLIFFE gazes steadfastly at the evening star, murmuring—)

SHIRTLIFFE: So once they must have berated you, dear Joan of Arc.

## SCENE 2

TIME: A few days later.

PLACE: General Washington's Headquarters at Valley Forge.

In the central room in the old stone house, GENERAL WASHINGTON sits at his desk poring over a map. His secretary at another table is carefully copying reports. GENERAL WASHINGTON's face shows plainly the strain of the recent campaigns. Soon a man of marked military bearing enters and after saluting, greets GENERAL WASHINGTON as a friend.

GENERAL WASHINGTON: Things always look better when you come in, General von Steuben. I was more than gratified with the great improvement our men showed yesterday. It was a lucky day that sent you into our midst, General. Your knowledge of military régime and the use of war weapons has worked wonders with my poor, ill-trained army.

GENERAL VON STEUBEN: It iss not only zis, but your magnificent commandship, your unparalleled far-sightedness, your tact and understanding zat has brought ze army under you out of deep waters.

(GENERAL WASHINGTON raises his hand as if to stem the tide of effusions.)

GENERAL WASHINGTON: We are not out yet, General, not by a long way, but with the men trained as they now are, I shall fare forth with confidence on the next encounters. (His eyes fall again on the map.)

GENERAL VON STEUBEN: And vat iss ze news from Congress?

GENERAL WASHINGTON: About the same, General

—upheavals, misunderstandings, schemes of personal ambition. They sympathize with the Pennsylvania State Legislature in thinking that the men should have been kept on the field.

GENERAL VON STEUBEN: Wizout clothes or shoes and food, and hardly knowing how to use a musket?

GENERAL WASHINGTON: It is easier to fight on paper than in the field, General. The mismanagement of the supplies for the Army has been due to the many changes in the Quartermaster-General's department. I shall not soon forget the two brigades that mutinied last winter for want of food. (The face of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF grows stern.)

(At this moment an orderly enters and salutes.)

ORDERLY: Sir, I have to report that there are two privates without, with a letter from Dr. Binney at Croon's Pond Hospital. The bearer will deliver it only to you.

GENERAL WASHINGTON: Admit them.

(GENERAL VON STEUBEN leaves the room.)

(The soldier salutes, wheels around and returns shortly with SHIRTLIFFE and THATCHER. They both salute the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. SHIRTLIFFE looks exceedingly pale and nervous as he advances a step.)

SHIRTLIFFE: General, I am but recently discharged from the care of Dr. Binney for wounds received in the fighting around New York. This letter he requested I place in your hands only.

(As GENERAL WASHINGTON reads the letter, great surprise flits over his face, but is quickly banished. He



Shirliffe looked pale and nervous as he put the letter in the General's hand



*reads it several times before speaking. SHIRTLIFFE, though pale, is standing erect with his chin raised.)*

GENERAL WASHINGTON: Who enlisted you, Private Shirliffe?

SHIRTLIFFE: The recruiting officer at Bellingham, sir. I was mustered out at Worcester two weeks later.

GENERAL WASHINGTON: And have you seen much fighting?

SHIRTLIFFE: I was in Colonel Shepherd's regiment, in Captain Webb's company of light artillery—General Patterson's brigade, sir.

GENERAL WASHINGTON: Then you have seen the heaviest fighting we had. Do not the hard marches, the rough accommodations and privations in our army make a soldier's life particularly undesirable for one of your youth and—er—frailness?

SHIRTLIFFE: No matter, sir. More than anything in the world I wanted to help win our independence.

GENERAL WASHINGTON: You speak well. Have you had the privileges of education?

SHIRTLIFFE: Only what I could glean from books through my own efforts, sir.

GENERAL WASHINGTON: Was it then, what you read in books that made you enlist in my army?

SHIRTLIFFE: I heard the boom of the cannon on Bunker Hill and saw the flash light the sky, sir. One day I read in a paper at the village store the words of an orator.

GENERAL WASHINGTON: What were they, young soldier?

SHIRTLIFFE: "Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?"

GENERAL WASHINGTON (*rising and walking to the window, speaks half to himself*): From such sparks are lighted new and sundry fires on the altar of Liberty. (*Crosses the room again.*) Private Shirliffe, you have proven yourself a creditable soldier. You began your service in the Continental Army with an inflexible purpose, and have pursued it with sacrifice, self-control and fortitude. You are still suffering from wounds, and I shall, therefore, give you an honorable discharge so that you may return home where you will receive better protection.

(SHIRTLIFFE attempts to protest his discharge.)

GENERAL WASHINGTON: I must overrule your wishes in this matter. Go back home and try to help others become acquainted with the word "Liberty." The greatest service is not always in the field. Rest here awhile. My secretary will see that you receive proper rations and some funds for your return. (*He speaks to the secretary, then leaves the room.*)

THATCHER: The Gen'al, he's great, ain't he?

SHIRTLIFFE: You are not going to be a quitter? You will see it through, won't you, Timmy? My days at the front are over—over—. (*Sinks into a chair and leans back exhausted.*)

THATCHER: There now, Blooming Boy, don't yer feel so bad 'bout it. I figger that I might as well stick it out. Fellers was a-telling me t'other night as how one of our sojers, who was caught and executed for a spy by the Red Coats up in New York couple of years ago, was grieving 'cause he had *only one life* to give fer the cause. *One life's* enough fer Tim, and he ain't hankerin' to give that, but I reckon he'll sojer it through—"

(SHIRTLIFFE rises and grabs THATCHER's hand.)

SHIRTLIFFE: Good-bye, Timmy, if you never see Robert Shirliffe again—(*He pauses and chokes.*)

THATCHER: If I never sees him again, I've seen the likeliest lad and best sojer that ever drew breath. (*THATCHER turns and addresses himself to the secretary.*) Allus brave as a young lion, never grumbled when the toughest luck struck us; allus had a store of fine words to cheer up the men. (*He pauses and looks down at his bandaged thumb.*) Sorter gentle, too; could help old Doc Binney dress wounds better'n anybody. But no one ever nursed him when he was in the hospital but the Doc. We'll miss him—the Blooming Lad—

(*THATCHER breaks off abruptly and mumbling something about "seeing the adjutant," leaves the room.*)

(SHIRTLIFFE walks dejectedly to the window. Only the scratching of the secretary's pen breaks the silence.)

SHIRTLIFFE (*half to himself*): For men must fight and women must pray.

(*The secretary sprinkles some sand over the freshly written sheet, then crosses the room and for the first time catches a glimpse of SHIRTLIFFE's face.*)

SECRETARY: Deborah Sampson! In God's name!

DEBORAH SAMPSON, THE BLOOMING LAD: I thought you did not recognize me, Tommy Thorpe.

THOMAS THORPE, THE SECRETARY: When they told me you had left Middleborough mysteriously, I knew it was none of the things they said that made you go. But I never dreamed of this. You were always adventuresome and high-spirited, Deb. Do you remember how you always wanted to play soldiers back in Plympton when we played together as children, you and Dan Harper and I? Poor Danny? His fighting days are over!

DEBORAH SAMPSON: And so are mine, Tommy. Give me the papers and let me leave the places where history is being made, and go back to stupid waiting and praying with the women folks.

THORPE: Aren't you being rather a rotten soldier, Blooming Boy? (*He lays his hand on the shoulder of the girl soldier, and looks gently in her face.*) Remember the name of Robert Shirliffe is there on the records of our Army. It will go down in history.

(*The slender figure in the regimentals instantly straightens up, assuming the bearing of a soldier.*)

BLOOMING BOY: All right, Tommy. (*Smiling.*) Wounds sometimes make women of us soldiers. (*Then slowly.*) What was it the General said about the greatest service?

THORPE: I was not listening, Blooming Boy.

BLOOMING BOY: Something—about—the greatest service not always being in the field.

(*An orderly enters and salutes.*)

BLOOMING BOY: (*To THORPE*): I will take my papers now, sir.

THORPE (*Hands him a large envelope*): Private Shirliffe, you will find in there your honorable discharge, funds which will enable you to reach your home, and a badge of distinction.

(SHIRTLIFFE takes envelope, salutes and goes out.)

ORDERLY: Lucky cuss, to be going home!

THORPE (*as he busies himself at his desk*): I wonder.

NOTE: Deborah Sampson was the only woman who was enrolled, wore regimentals and served as a regular soldier in the Continental Army. Her enlisted name, Robert Shirliffe, appears on the pension records of the Revolutionary War. When the war was over she married Benjamin Gannett of Massachusetts and lived to be sixty-seven years of age. Some grandsons fought in the Civil War, but no granddaughters. The uniforms as shown in Miss Greer's illustrations are correct according to the records, the one on the boy being the accepted uniform of a private.



*The Junior representatives, who were guests of the Chapter at luncheon, were Helen Daly, of Sunnyside School; Irene Corona, Crocker Junior High; Peggy Dehne, Parkside School; Margaret Johnson, Pacific Heights School; Josephine Winetroub, Commodore Sloat School; Charles Maggioncalda, Daniel Webster School; Franklyn Poole, Guadalupe School, and Homer Jones, Mission Grammar School. Josephine Winetroub is the second girl from the left*

## A Fine Record

FOR the first time in the history of the San Francisco Chapter the Junior Red Cross had its own delegation at the annual meeting and luncheon, at the St. Francis Hotel, November 17th. Each of the representatives from eight of the city's schools was introduced to the meeting of more than 300 people by Mr. Samuel Knight, Chairman of the San Francisco Chapter. Because of her outstanding activities in Junior Red Cross service, Josephine Winetroub was chosen to tell about the Junior Red Cross activities in the Commodore Sloat School. Her talk, which received the most enthusiastic applause of any on the program, follows:

"To join the Junior Red Cross you must perform some service. Commodore Sloat had a paper drive and every member brought papers. From the sale of these we earned \$56.20 which we gave to the Mississippi Flood sufferers through the National Children's Fund. In this way we all earned our badges and the Citizenship Banner was awarded at the student body meeting to the class bringing the most newspapers.

"I am very proud to say that Commodore Sloat School is enrolled 100 per cent in the Junior Red Cross. Upon our enrollment, Miss Eva Hance, Assistant National Director of the Junior Red Cross, sent us some currants from the Juniors of Greece. These we made into cookies. On World Good Will Day we presented 600 of them to the children at the Shriners' Hospital.

"The first thing that Commodore Sloat School did during my term as chairman was to fill 260 Christmas boxes for the children of Guam. Again the Citizenship Banner was awarded at the student body meeting to the class filling the most boxes. Many of us did not

know where Guam was and we enjoyed making reports on Guam in our English classes and finding out about the island and its children.

"The students of Commodore Sloat are now making Thanksgiving and Christmas tray favors. I have here a model of one, a nut cup, shaped like a plum pudding.

"Last Tuesday the girls made about 90 glasses of cranberry jelly in their cooking classes for the men at the Letterman General Hospital.

"The boys in manual training classes are making many pieces of woodwork, including lap-boards, writing boards, checker boards, book ends and other things for the soldiers. In sewing classes the girls are making tarlatan bags, soft pillows and Christmas stockings. Many of us are also making little gifts at home.

"We are now preparing a portfolio to be sent to a school in Belgium. This is our first step in international correspondence, which we hope will help produce international good will and friendship.

"Our school organization consists of a chairman, vice chairman, secretary, treasurer, representative and two committee heads in each room who meet weekly during the noon hour. They are chosen with the assistance of our faculty adviser, Mrs. Crossan.

"We have enjoyed the Junior Red Cross and when the other schools of San Francisco become members I hope we can have a Junior Red Cross Council of representatives from all the schools. This will serve to carry to all the children of San Francisco the ideals of the Junior Red Cross—Health, Service, Friendship, and International Good Will."

# Letters from Indian Schools

**Y**OU have been reminded month after month about keeping up the National Children's Fund. This is used, as you have often been told, to help children in Iceland, in Esthonia, in Austria, in Roumania and in other European countries; to send gifts, books and good cheer to those who have suffered from some great disaster, such as the Florida hurricane and the Mississippi floods, and to do certain things for Indian children, such as pay for a teacher of rug weaving or pottery making, furnish drawing supplies and sometimes pay for subscriptions to the NEWS. Every year, though, more and more of the Indian schools enrolled in the Junior Red Cross pay for their own subscriptions. The Indian Juniors carry on a great many activities, some of which you will find reported on another page; they exchange letters and gifts with their "partner" schools in this country, and some of them have made portfolios to send abroad.

And just lately we had the nicest letter enclosing a check for \$10. All this money had been made by Juniors in St. Patrick's Indian Mission School at Anadarko, Oklahoma. They had earned it by picking cotton for some neighbors. And it was contributed to the National Children's Fund. Wasn't that fine?

The Mission School at Anadarko is a Catholic boarding school on the Kiowa Reservation. The Juniors there correspond with the Chatsworth Avenue School at Larchmont, New York. Gladys Hoaun, who is twelve years old and belongs to the



*Mary Old Horn and Henrietta White-man, two Crow Juniors of Hardin, Montana. Indian children go to the regular public schools in Hardin*

Kiowa Tribe, wrote in one letter:

"We dress just like the white children and our home life is much the same. Most of us live in the country, on farms. Our parents sometimes do their own farm work, while some rent their land to white men. Our grandparents and some of our parents like to wear tribal dress. The men in some of the tribes wear long hair in braids; all the women have long hair, and wear very long dresses. They use shawls and blankets for wraps. Our tribes still make fine purses, and all kinds of articles of beadwork. We do not make basketwork or weave rugs as the Indians in the Southwest do."

In the same correspondence James Roberts wrote:

"My little sister and I are the only Pawnee Indians in school here. I am nine and she is seven years old. We used to live at

Pawnee, Oklahoma, but my father and mother moved to Fort Worth, Texas, last summer. I have an older brother and sister going to Haskell University at Lawrence, Kansas.

"My father was a graduate of Haskell and works for the Marland Oil Company in Fort Worth. He sometimes writes pieces for the 'Indian Leader' and the 'American Indian,' telling about the Pawnee Tribe.

"There are about 800 Pawnees altogether. There is one old man in our tribe who wears the Indian garb. The rest all wear clothes like the white people."

## *What Grew from a Package of Seed*



*"We gathered our seed into 365 packets to send to other Indian Juniors"*

At Albuquerque, New Mexico, there is a big boarding school for Indian boys and girls with classes from fourth grade on through high school. You may remember that Juan Denny, the Indian delegate to the Red Cross Annual Convention, came from that school and that the students there worked hard to collect the money for his expenses. Juan has sent a fine letter to HIGH SCHOOL SERVICE in which he spoke of how much the trip meant to him and how much he appreciated what his fellow students had done. Months ago the Andrew Sabine High School, of Garden City, Kansas, sent the Albuquerque school some flower



seed. Here is the fine story of what grew from that one package; it is told by Margaret Phillips and Evelyn Ross of the Seventh Grade:

"Our Junior Red Cross received, last spring, a package of flower seed from the Andrew Sabine High School, Garden City, Kansas. Our Juniors prepared and planted a plot. The seed in a number of the packets failed to come up. This was probably due to the age of the seed or to the condition of the soil; but regardless of this we had a very nice flower garden.

"Flowers from our garden made several people happy during the summer. On September 23 the boys gathered and the girls prepared seventeen bunches of flowers to be sent to the seventeen patients in the school hospital. A bouquet was also sent to Mrs. Harrington, our principal, who was ill.

"We have gathered our flower seed and prepared three hundred and sixty-five packets to be sent out to other Indian Juniors. We hope by sending them we will make other Juniors as happy as the Garden City Juniors have made us."

#### *Pueblo Houses*

For a portfolio sent to the Philippines from the Albuquerque school, Lynn Sheayea, of the Fourth Grade, wrote this description of houses such as those that Madame de Gripenberg tells about on another page, only the San Ildefonso houses are of adobe, or sun dried brick:

"Our houses are made of stone and mud. We get the stones and good sand, and then we cut the stones to look like square bricks. When we are ready to build the house we put some small hard stones underneath for a foundation; then we build a one-story house.

"Sometimes several houses are joined together and one house is built above another until the last one may be three stories high. We go to the upper house by a ladder.

"The shape of a Pueblo house is square. There are one or two doors and sometimes three or four windows. There is a chimney of stones and mud.

"The inside wall of the house is white. The floor is black like mud. We have pictures on the wall; and sometimes bows and arrows, deer's horns and buckskins. There is a stone on one side of the room, used for grinding corn.

"We build a little place in one corner of the room for storing corn, melons and things for the winter. We have large pottery jars sitting on the floor, filled with water. Sometimes we put the little blankets on the floor that we don't use on the bed.

"We make a box and nail it on the wall and put the dishes in it.

"Near one corner of the house on the outside we



*A Navaho hogan is of mud and grass over pine logs*

build an oven of stones and mud. We bake the bread in it. This oven makes the bread brown and cooks it quickly."

Pueblo Indians stay in their home villages, but the Navahos move about with their sheep. Thanoopah-and-Charley, a Navaho girl in the Fourth Grade of the Albuquerque school, writes about the homes of her people:

#### *Navaho Houses*

"The Navaho house is of the wood of pine trees. First we gather the wood and pile it together and then we put one log on top of another until we get the frame as high as we want our hogan to be. Then the top we make smaller and round. We put mud and grass over the logs to keep the rain out. There is only one door which we make also of logs, but we sometimes hang a blanket up for a door. Some hogans have windows but most of them do not have windows. Our chimney is a hole left in the top of the hogan.

"At first when you go inside, it is dark. You may see the women weaving a blanket, or cooking over a fire in the center. You will see, too, a baby cradle, sheep skins piled up for beds, and sometimes we put out beads and bracelets and silver belts on the wall. We also have deerskin bags in which we keep our jewelry.

"There is no floor in a hogan, so the sheep skins are put on the earth to sit on. A piece of oil cloth or sometimes a sheep skin is spread out near the center of the room and the large dishes or pans are put on it. Everyone sits on the ground around this table to eat. We have no chairs, stove or table. It is not much trouble to move from one Navaho camp to another.

"We usually have two houses; one is a summer home, the other a winter home. We move to find food and shelter for the sheep."

*Schools in this country owe 200 portfolios to Japan and 107 portfolios to Czechoslovakia. Won't you make a New Year's resolution to answer your correspondents more promptly?*

# What Some Indian Juniors Are Doing

IT certainly is surprising where you will find fellow members of the Junior Red Cross. For example, there are Juniors in the little Indian school at Havasupai, Arizona, away down in the bottom of Cataract Canyon, which is a tributary of the Grand Canyon, and fifty-two miles from the nearest store and railroad. This canyon is the scene of Cadman's pretty song, "The Land of the Sky Blue Water," for in the valley a beautiful little river springs from a hole in the ground, runs crystal clear for two miles, then plunges over rapids and deep falls, continuing as a milky sky blue stream until it joins the Colorado. The Supai Indian children in the little school are mostly just beginners. But they have sent correspondence to Japan and to Czechoslovakia—letters, a basket made by one of the girls, figs with their leaves, a bow and arrow and a cradle, and soap root which the boys dug and prepared. They explained how the soap root was prepared for use. The plant is a member of the yucca family and a cousin of the mescal and century plant, or Spanish dagger, from which the Mexicans make a powerful brandy. The Supai Indians dig it up, strip off the knife-edged, needle-pointed leaves and quarter the root, which is then beaten out flat and dried. When the Supai housekeeper needs soap, she just puts some of the dried root in a pan, pours lukewarm water on it and shakes the pan until a fluffy lather is formed. This is particularly nice for a shampoo.

INDIAN students of nine tribes, from all over Arizona and parts of New Mexico, attend the Indian Vocational School near Phoenix, Arizona, a



*Bill Lawecka of the Zuni Boarding School at Blackrock, New Mexico, won first prize in the Poster Contest for Indian Juniors*

non-reservational government boarding school. There are 915 pupils, ranging all the way from beginners up through the tenth grade. The Pima, Papago, Hopi, Apache, Navaho, Maricopa, Mohave, Yuma and Havasupai tribes are represented. Junior Red Cross calendars, posters and membership rolls hang on all the classroom walls. The downstairs corridor is beautifully decorated with posters of Indian designs that have been exhibited at the Arizona State Fair. Once in five weeks every pupil writes home. The tenth grade also writes to the Indian School at Chilocco, Oklahoma. Every classroom has its own special Junior projects. The eighth grade, for instance, has started a school museum, in which there are arrow heads, old stone hatchets and old grinding stones collected by students in the summer. Several rooms submitted "Fitness for Service" booklets to be entered in the Junior contest for

Indian schools. Others entered "I Serve" posters in the poster contest. A number have made original drawings and also worked to perpetuate Indian designs. The fifth and the ninth grades are interested in collecting old Indian myths and legends.

THE East Farm Sanatorium School, Phoenix, Arizona, is for tubercular children from different Indian schools. The classes meet for only a short time each day, because rest periods are an important part of the treatment. The activities these Juniors try must be quiet ones, and so they mostly make booklets and posters. For instance, they have made a booklet on our great Americans, Washington, Lincoln, Edison and others; another book was a historical one; another a geographical one. These books were made from manila paper, and pictures, clippings and cartoons from newspapers and magazines were pasted in them. You will see from this why the school needs gifts of art paper, water colors and crayolas and used magazines. Any books that might be used by children from the first to the ninth grade are welcome, too, since a silent reading period is given them every Friday.

Another thing that these same Juniors do is clay modeling.

Last year they collected specimens of the insect and other pests of the region. An exhibit of these was sent to the Red Cross office.



*Juniors in the Seger Indian School at Colony, Oklahoma, earned their subscription to the News by picking cotton*

THE Fort Apache Indian School is at Holbrook, Arizona, ninety-five miles from the railroad. There are 200 boys and 160 girls in grades through the seventh. The primary grades make favors with Indian designs on them for holidays and doll furniture and things for a doll's house. In the spring each member takes home a stick horse which he has made and painted himself. Speaking English is hard for some of these younger ones and so they make posters with such captions as "Talk English when you're riding on your horse," "Fly away, little bird, and talk English," and "Time to talk English" on them. The upper grades correspond with some other American schools.



Boys and girls of the Mesita Indian School at Laguna, New Mexico, saw a visiting official of the Indian Service washing his car. They offered to do it for him and so earned their re-enrollment in the Junior Red Cross

ALL the hundred students in the Southern Ute Boarding School at Ignacio, Colorado, are boys. Boys do the sewing and mending, even, making the neatest kind of patches and darns. One boy made three whole night shirts in half a day and the other boys always finish two apiece in that time.

THE Jicarilla Apache Mission School at Dulce, New Mexico, is enrolled in Junior Red Cross and pays for its own subscriptions to the NEWS. The Juniors there make health booklets, look after the old and unfortunate on the reservation and correspond with white schools. The girls make up booklets of simple recipes to take home with them in summer. The boys have a sheep club. There were five in the club last year and this year there are fourteen. Last year one of the boys raised and sold the largest lamb of the season. It weighed seventy-eight pounds, or five pounds more than any other lamb on the reservation. He got a five dollar prize for it.

ONE day Miss Hendricks, the Junior Red Cross worker who took Miss Moseley-Williams' place in the Southwest, went to visit St. Anthony's Mission School at Topowa, Arizona. This is a day school run by the Catholic sisters who do so much good work among the Indians in that section. There are 70 pupils and six grades. The children are Papagos. The buildings are quite beautiful and St. Anthony's is the headquarters for all the Catholic mission schools on the

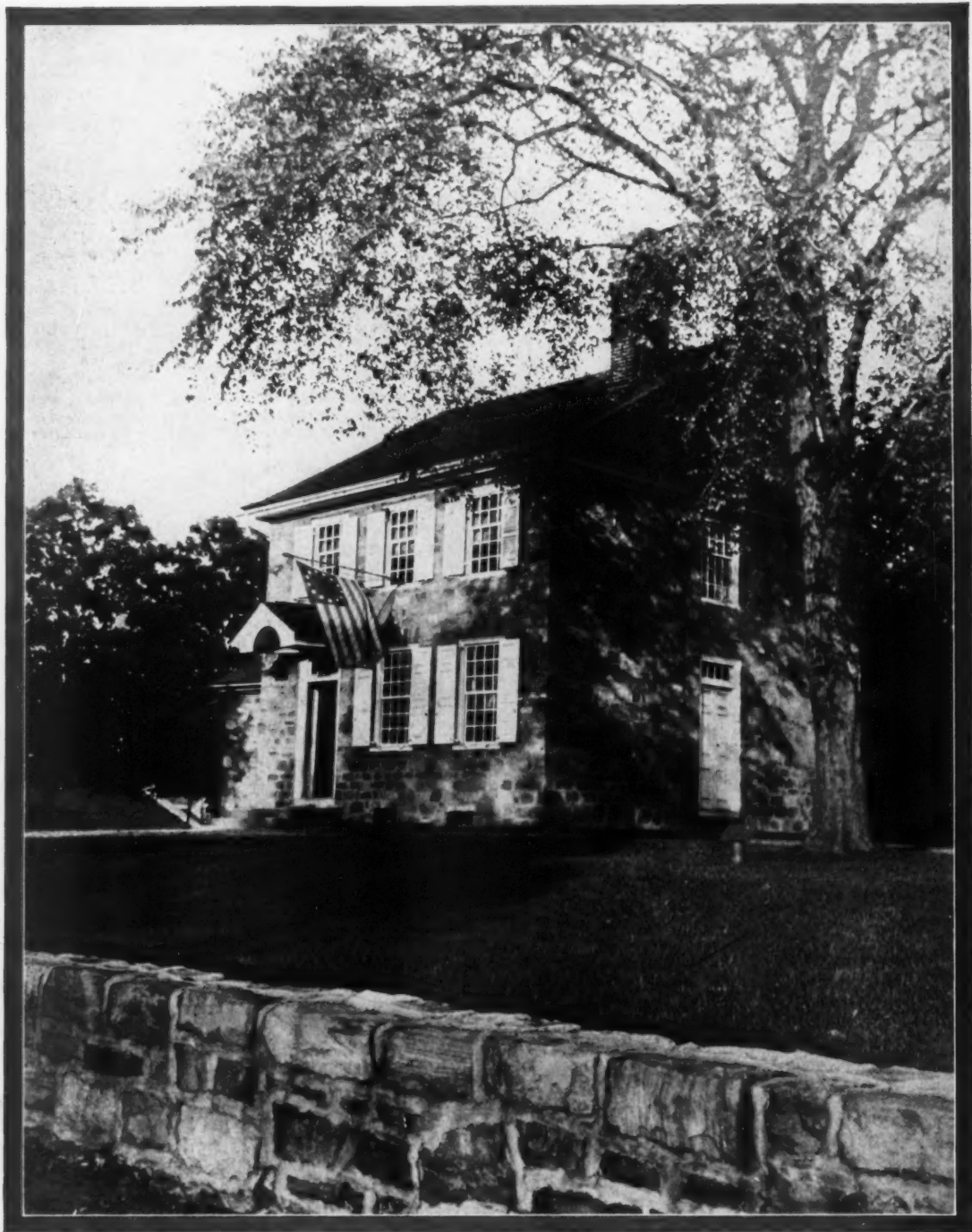
Papago Reservation. The children there, too, remind themselves to speak English. They had trouble understanding Miss Hendricks when she told them about Junior Red Cross. She said that speaking English and picking up nails and glass so that they would not cut people's feet or the tires of automobiles would be fine Junior services. They all smiled and then Father Oblasser explained that they had already picked up bushels of glass bits. So Miss Hendricks said, "Why, you are already Red Cross boys and girls." Then Father Oblasser turned to the pupils and rattled off a long speech in Papago. And Miss Hendricks said to him, "But you're no Red Cross boy. You are talking Papago." Then everybody in the room just rocked with laughter and the children said, "Father no Red Cross boy."

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JUNIORS of the Fifth and Sixth Grades of the Chilocco Indian School, Chilocco, Oklahoma, have received a portfolio from the Industrial School at Paracin, Yugoslavia. The Chilocco School sent a graceful note of acknowledgment, saying that a return portfolio was being prepared. The primary pupils in the Chilocco school received and answered a portfolio made by the First and Second Grade of the school at Glenn White, West Virginia. Ninth Grade pupils are now making a beautiful "all Chilocco" portfolio for China or Japan. A number of classes make Christmas cards and gifts for their parents and sick comrades.





### Washington's Headquarters at Valley Forge

**H**ERE, during the winter of 1777-78, Washington passed through his hardest days as commander of the American Revolutionary forces. Mrs. Washington rode all the way from Mount Vernon by coach to visit him and made things much brighter for him and for his officers. At Mount Vernon there is a little sewing case that she made for the General to use when she was not by to look after his socks and his buttons.

